And I will doe it, without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstayn'd wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his native progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Too paly ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrey is,
In thy best Robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy Kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolue, ile send a *Frier* with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare Father. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, *and Seruingmen, two or three.*

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, goe hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile try if they can licke their fingers.
Ca. How canst thou try them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Goe be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my daughter gone to *Frier Lawrence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Ca. Well he may chance to doe some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.
Ca. How now my head-strong, where haue you beene gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To begge your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you,
Ca. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becommed loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Ca. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marrie, goe I say, and fetch him hither.